

Dear Mother :-

MSB  
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Newburyport, May 26th, 1823.

There is something peculiarly gratifying in corresponding frequently with our distant friends, and hearing of their welfare and happiness; - but how much more so is it when we have the invaluable privilege of communicating with one who loveth, not only as a friend, but as an affectionate parent - a tender, affectionate mother! There is a rapture in letter writing that interests us unspeakably for those we love, and binds the silver cords of friendship with the most exquisite neatness around our susceptible hearts and affections. It soothes and mitigates the anxious throbbings of the breast, and sheds a refulgent beam of joy around our troubled and solitary hours. It is a healing balm of comfort to the trembling fears and disquietudes of a parent's heart, as well as to their tender offspring. It is a mirror through which we can look, and almost imagine that we can see our long unseen friends, and hear the well-accents of their interesting voices.

Your letter was alike a source of pleasure and of pain. Of pleasure, because it was pleasing to receive a letter couched in such tender language from an affectionate mother, whose prop of comfort and consolation devolves upon her son, who, should he fail, would bring her in sorrow to the grave. - Of pain, because it brought the intelligence of your having experienced another bleeding at the lungs, which had almost laid you at death's door - but this <sup>was</sup> mitigated in some degree with the assurance that you had recovered in some measure from the effects of the same.

Since I have received your letter, my time has been swallowed <sup>up</sup> in turning author. - I have written in the Herald three long political pieces, under the caption of "Our Next Governor", and the signature of "One of the People" - rather a great signature, to be sure, for such a small man as myself. - But vain were the efforts of the friends and disciples of Washington, the true Federal Republicans of Massachusetts - Democracy has finally triumphed over correct principles, and this State may expect to see the debates of 1811-12 revived in all their blighting influence; - may they be as short lived as they were at that period.



You will undoubtedly smile at my turning politician at the age of eighteen - but, "true 'tis, and (perhaps) pity 'tis 'tis true" - and I cannot but help smiling myself at the thought. - I have likewise published another political communication under the same signature. Besides these, I have written three other communications under the head of "A Glance at Europe" - analysing the present state of political <sup>affairs</sup> between Spain and the Holy Alliance - and which called forth a very handsome notice of the same from Mr. Basking, the Editor of the Herald. - But I am ~~at present~~ <sup>at present</sup> discovered to be ~~at present~~ notwithstanding my utmost endeavours to let it remain a secret. - It is now but partially known, however, and has created no little sensation in town - so that I have concluded to write no more at present.

Thus you perceive, my dear mother, that my leisure moments have been usefully and wisely employed; - usefully, because it is beneficial in ~~improving~~ cultivating the seeds of improvement in my breast, and expanding the intellectual powers and faculties of my mind; wisely, because it has kept me from wasting time in that dull, senseless, insipid manner, which generally characterises ~~my~~ giddy youth. It is now about one year since I commenced writing for the Herald - and in that time I have written about fifteen communications. - When I peruse them over, I feel absolutely astonished at the different subjects which I have discussed, and the style in which they are written. Indeed, it is altogether a matter of surprise that I have met with such signal success, seeing I do not understand one single rule of grammar, and having a very inferior education. - But enough of my scribblings, in all conscience, for the present, to something that is more important, and interesting.

About two months ago, Harriet met with a very distressing accident, which has confined her so that she has been unable to walk or scarcely move almost ever since. She unfortunately run the scissors into her ankle pretty deeply, which probably ~~injured~~ <sup>injured</sup> one of the cords, the wound of which was very dangerous and alarming, as it was feared at first that it would cripple her for life - but, fortunately, our fears proved groundless, and she is nearly as well as ever. Uncle and Aunt Fanny are all well, as are also Uncle Bartlett's family - all of whom send their kind love to you. - Little James has sailed on an European voyage.



He thinks I hear you say - "What! does he not say one word about my request for him to visit his disconsolate, dying mother once more ere she closes her eyes in death?" - Yes, my dear mother, I have a great deal to say upon that subject - more than I can compress into the narrow compass of a sheet of letter paper; - and the remainder of my letter shall be devoted to it.

You feel unquestionably, astonished at my long silence, as well as uneasy. - I will tell you the reason of this, and then you can judge whether I am a fit subject for your mercy or otherwise. Your letter was received about the time Mr. Allen calculated to get back from Etalana; - consequently I thought it prudent to defer writing until he did arrive - not doubting but that it would be shortly. One week elapsed, and he came not; - another and another likewise, but in ~~the~~ <sup>came not</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>more</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>(?)</sup> well suppose that my mind was filled with anxieties on your account - but still I would not write till he returned; - and, not to indulge in prolixity, he did return. - I requested of him a private interview, and informed him of your and my wishes to see you again, if it were only for one week. - He, of course, raised innumerable barriers and obstacles in the way, and converted a mole hill into a mountain, to <sup>the</sup> which I respectfully answered. - You recollect last fall my intention of visiting you - and which I should inevitably have done had not my ever to be lamented sister's death occurred. - Heaven bless her soul. - It was at this juncture that Mr. Allen promised that, if I would give up the idea then of visiting Baltimore, (as we were very much hurried in printing a book) he would be willing to spare me in the Spring. - Spring came, and the boon was again lost. - He now says that I should have gone had he not been absent so long - or, rather, if he had not gone at all - and that therefore his affairs were in confusion, and it would require time to arrange them properly. - Now, all this is a mere pretext, for the purpose of ~~keeping me from~~ <sup>his anxious desire</sup> ~~visiting you~~ <sup>regularly and correctly</sup> ~~his affairs~~ <sup>regularly and correctly</sup> kept by the Editor - and all that is necessary for him to do is to see that all charges have been made correctly. Another obstacle is this: - we are to change the paper the first of June, which will occasion considerable hindrance. Now, he will have to employ a journeyman to accomplish this, for some time, and never could a better opportunity occur than we had one for me to go. - It will, to be sure, cost him a trifle more, and that he ought to be willing to give in a case of emergency like the present; - especially when I have taken the care of the office faithfully upon my shoulders while he was absent - besides he will save about \$10 by my board. He finally wished me to write and inform you, that if I came, I could not set out till about the middle of June; - and that he would likewise write to you upon this subject immediately. - My dear mother - I can anticipate all the arguments and means which he will employ to represent the state of affairs here - of the impracticality of my going - of his anxiety (though feigned) of wishing me to see you, but the situation of affairs renders it extremely difficult, and a thousand other obstacles, altho' feeble and fallacious. - You may depend upon it that it is his own interest which lies at the bottom. - He is



perfectly willing that I should go, if I will hire a journeyman in my room!  
 wonderful disinterestedness! - surprising condescension and favor! - How wished  
 to know whether it could not be settled by letter without the trouble of visiting  
 you all that was necessary! How cold and senseless ~~and~~ his heart - He knows  
 the anxious throbbings of a mother's ~~own~~ breast to see her affectionate son -  
 All I have to request of you is that you will answer his letter in a dignified <sup>manner</sup>  
 that you will faithfully point out to him the feelings of a mother, and the reasons  
 for your request - that you will put the case home to his own conscience, and ask  
 him to draw the parallel, what he would think were he to be refused in such a  
 case.

Mrs. Frances C. Garrison  
 25  
 BALTIMORE  
 MARYLAND  
 MAY 26 1840

Baltimore

Maryland

Post

Single

I beg you will not be wavering in your answer - for if you are, he will take  
 the advantage readily. Ask his request not merely as a boon, but as a just  
 right which any parent ought to be willing to grant. - But why I need ask  
 any thing further? I am confident you will write every thing that will be nec-  
 essary for his permission and approbation. ~~But~~ Do not fail of answering  
 both immediately, as every moment will seem an age upon which my destiny  
 hangs. Write particularly where I <sup>shall</sup> find you, should I come to P<sup>a</sup>.  
 and how I shall get to your boarding place. - I cannot but exclaim - "Oh!  
 had the wings of a dove, then would I soar away, and be with you."  
 Excuse this hasty scrawl, as it is now midnight. - Adieu! dear mother, and  
 may Heaven grant that I shall clasp you again to my throbbing breast. - W. L. Garrison